

Baby, don't go

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Summary: Steve really wants Andrew to stay the night, but damn, Andrew is really stubborn sometimes. (

Baby, don't go

The sun was setting in Steve Montgomery's quiet, suburban neighborhood. The sky was a pale purple, blending into the soft pinks and blues that slipped into the approaching darkness.

'Oh, it's getting late,' Andrew said, leaning over Steve's desk as he peered out of the window with a frown adorning his face. The shirt he wore hung loosely off his back, the sleeves were pushed up to his elbows, and the hem of it stopped just past his thighs.

Steve crept up behind him, pressing his lean body against Andrew's back. 'Are you staying over again?' he asked, his voice velvety and warm as it left his lips.

Andrew relaxed against him, sighing softly into the open air. 'Why would I ever want to leave?'

Steve's left hand trailed down his thin body before it began to prod Andrew's stomach. Andrew curled into himself, but Steve's fingers were relentless.

Andrew was giggling incessantly, out of breath and desperately trying to remove himself from Steve's steady hold on him. He squirmed, wriggling as the other boy continued to tickle him without mercy.

'Still wanna stay?' Steve asked through his own snickering, happy to hear the bubbly sound of Andrew's laughter.

'You're worst person I've ever met!' Andrew exclaimed, panting. He grabbed Steve's hand with both of his own, holding it down so it

couldn't trouble him any longer.

'I think you love me, actually.' Steve mused, ducking down to plant a quick kiss on Andrew's neck.

Andrew sulked, rolling his blue eyes rather aggressively, but there seemed to be a reddish tint blooming on his freckled cheeks. He tried to remove himself from Steve's affectionate grasp, but the taller boy wouldn't budge.

'Say you'll stay?' Steve pushed, though his voice was soft and breathy in Andrew's ear.

There was another dramatic sigh from Andrew, 'You were just trying to scare me off and now you're asking me to stay?'

'What can I say? You really got a hold on me, Detmer.' Steve teased while the grin he wore was apparent in his voice.

Andrew turned around to face him, they were almost pressed chest-to-chest and it was startling in a way, how they always seemed to end up so close together, intentionally or not.

The smaller boy huffed, 'You're ridiculous.'

Steve raised his eyebrows, but the amused expression on his face never faltered. 'Too ridiculous for you to come back to bed with me?'

Andrew's cheeks turned positively red, 'Stop doing that!'

'Stop doing what?' Steve asked, forging innocence with a childlike grin. Andrew looked away, trying to prevent Steve from seeing the sweetened smile on his face.

Steve pressed Andrew into the desk, they were so close it was painful. Andrew's loose resolve crumbled as he met Steve's eyes, they seemed to burn with sincerity and vehemence. Steve leaned forward, pressing his lips against Andrew's with immense care.

The kiss was consuming, adrenalizing as their lips met and parted, always drawing each other back. They moved against each other in heated excitement, both aware of the quick arousal that bloomed between them in a frenzy of fervid need.

Andrew's kisses were always hesitant but answered reassuringly by Steve's confidence motion. They worked in unexplainable ways, even when they didn't. Andrew's uncertainty sobered Steve's thrill-seeking need and Steve's bravery consoled Andrew's worry.

A broken noise escaped Andrew's mouth as Steve's hands slipped up the borrowed shirt he wore. The urgent need to breathe was almost forgotten when Steve's cold fingers met his warm skin.

The door to Steve's bedroom opened, and they were met by Steve's mother. She wore a surprised expression, her eyebrows drawn high and her mouth agape. A startled laugh escaped her lips, and she put her hands up in mock surrender.

Andrew and Steve untangled, both slightly embarrassed to be caught.

Andrew tugged Steve's old shirt farther down his thighs, and Steve was bent at a rather uncomfortable angle to hide his erection. They were both gasping, out of breath and startled.

'I'll make sure to knock next time, boys!' she said, the laughter in her voice was hard to hide. She shut the door quickly, but outside, in the hall, her muffled simpering could be heard.

End
file.